



Misplaced Karma, Baby!

Emil

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Emil



PAGING MS. FANG-FANG

Emil seems to travel in some rather odd circles these days based (if NOT solely) on the names that come attached to the volume of new restraining or gag orders that cross my desk from our Legal Team. One of the more interesting came from a provincial court (the one we discovered was about thirty clicks outside Shanghai) and it was a restraining order regarding Ms. Fang-Fang.



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PAGING MS. FANG-FANG

At first, I know that Emil has not been with a hemisphere of the CCP's Republic even since 2017 and that ugly occurrence with his little buddies in the Hong Kong Branch of the CCP's feared Thought Police. I won't go into details as Emil has beat that story like a dead 100-to-1 long shot horse within meters of the finish line @ the Kwanti Race Course...no need to revisit it now! It was perfectly clear with that and the virus plague killer lockdown; Emil had not





Emil



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PAGING MS. FANG-FANG

been catfishing all of us and had been incognito in some little suburb of Shanghai hanging out with some strange Chinese Gal named Ms. Fang-Fang. It just didn't make any sense.

Then Mr. Lee (WWWG's Lead Janitor on the second floor and co-founder of "We Hate Emil" anti-fan group) reminded me that Emil does have some strange friends including some junior congressman who has been all



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all over the news in the ROC (Republic of China) for having a very torrent sex affair with a rather nice looking gal who just happened to be like some kind of big time “Honeypot” CCP Spy.

“NAW!” “REALLY?”

Well Mr. Lee seemed sure of his facts as he told me that even Mr. Wang Xiaohong had been bragging about Ms. Fang-Fang in a recent interview in the Shanghai Edition of The People’s Daily News.



Emil



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PAGING MS. FANG-FANG

Seem rather odd but, I have an official copy of the restraining/gag order that was sent to Emil in care of WWWG's HR Department.

As Mr. Lee reminded me "Fang-Fang" is not a common name even in WOKE Shanghai.

Then, I remembered that Emil had include a funny jab about his old friend Eric and ended the joke with "Ask Fang-Fang if she has any younger sisters?"

Who would have imagined? Not me!



Emil



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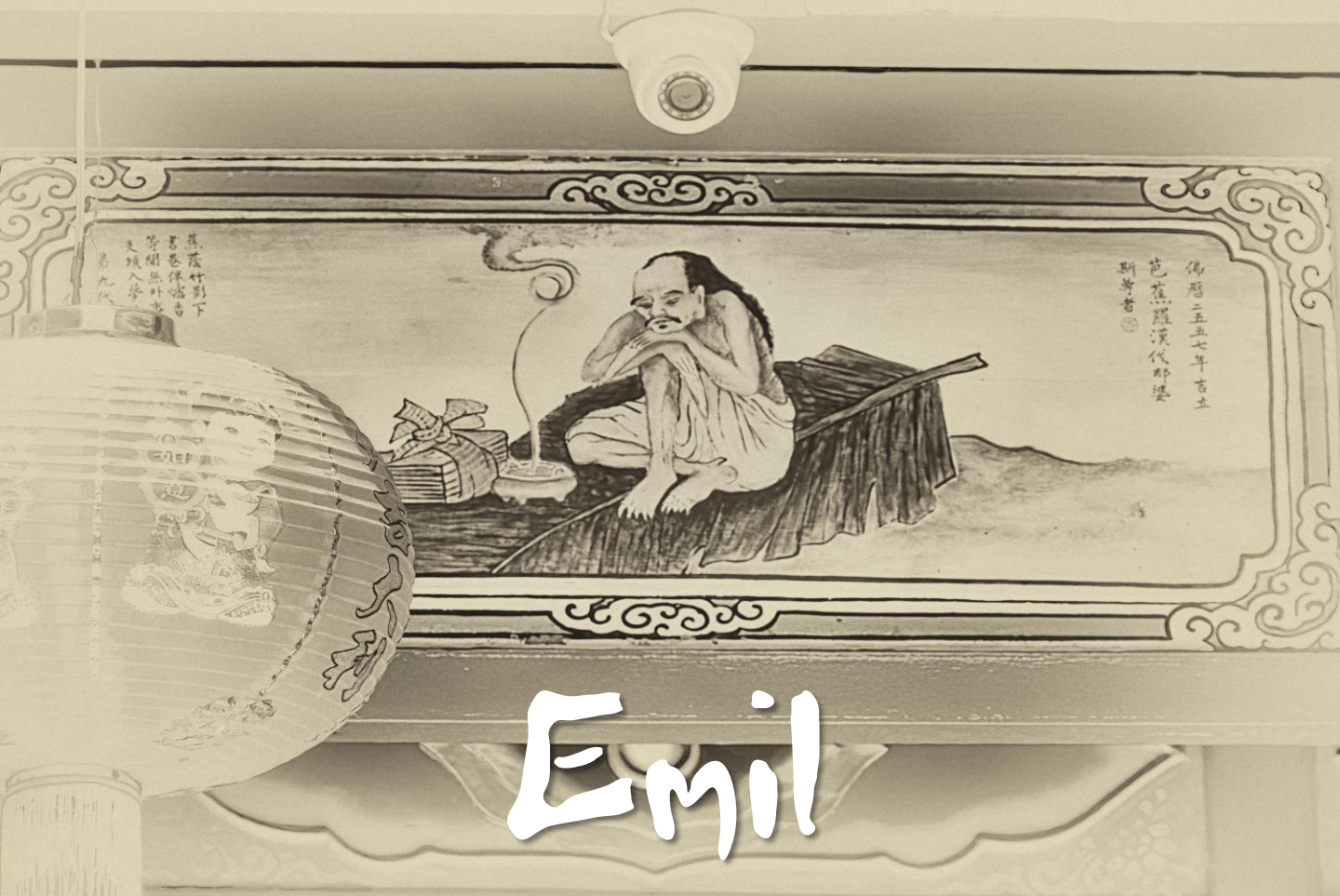
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MISPLACED KARMA, BABY!

Somehow...I don't really understand the cosmic dimensions or have a third-eye to truly grasp why I find most of my stories at the bottom of a good bottle of classy Cuban Rum or as to why this ONLY combines with the fact that I am straddled across several bar stools (I have a rather large butt these day or maybe, the barstools here in the 4th

World were never designed to the dimensions of my First World butt) in some dank, low-light "dive" bar.



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MISPLACED KARMA, BABY!

Maybe that old hippy gal that I knew from the homeless shelter had it right and due to my sinful life of devoted self-interest(s); I was getting karma fed back to me with a slight grin from Old Lady Luck - who seems to delight in seeing what new mischief that she can leave on my doorstep before setting it ablaze and running like all hell down the street.

WHO KNOWS?

If anyone does then, they surely have made it their mission to keep me in like total





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MISPLACED KARMA, BABY!

ignorance on this and I am sure, on many other issues.

WHY?

Maybe out of spite over being slighted by me or just out of disinterest, like you are now?

I brought you into my conspiracy theory as I can see that you have already lost interest in my many plights and are seriously composing a bitter letter to Amazon and my Corporate Slave Masters demanding an immediate refund or at the least, a store credit.



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MISPLACED KARMA, BABY!

My editor pleads with me not to go off on these (senseless?) rants and he says that I have so few remaining readers and even a smaller fan base unless you count in the ever increasing numbers of Anti-Emil League Woke PC Warriors who have sworn to TWIT that they shall continue their New Age Grail Search in full earnest to have me forever banished out, cast into the wilderness that lies outside from the Great Gates of their Proper Society Eden. So this leads me into the who/where/whys (in true Columbia School of Journalism Home Study Course mantra fashion) in how I came up





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MISPLACED KARMA, BABY!

with this edition's rather catchy (I think) title.

See, I disagree with my old hippy gal friend and I have come to believe that I have **NOT** lost my faith but merely misplaced it like my old buddy (Hunter) did with his laptop. This makes more sense towards finding a rational (Occam's Razor) solution to this argument as

I have had a similar experience back a few years ago in Moscow when the WWWG's

Advance Gal took my precious Panasonic Toughbook to a local pawn shop due to some misunderstanding...miscommunications over who/when/where was I going to refund the



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MISPLACED KARMA, BABY!

seed money she fronted me on my
unsanctioned side trip there to Moscow.
So I feel for our old drinking buddy Hunter
and I truly have been there...

HAVE DONE IT

but, without his Chinese Paymasters fronting
me with not only deluxe accommodations (like
a totally FREE mini-bar) and an American
Express Platinum Card (don't leave Beijing
without one, Bubba!).

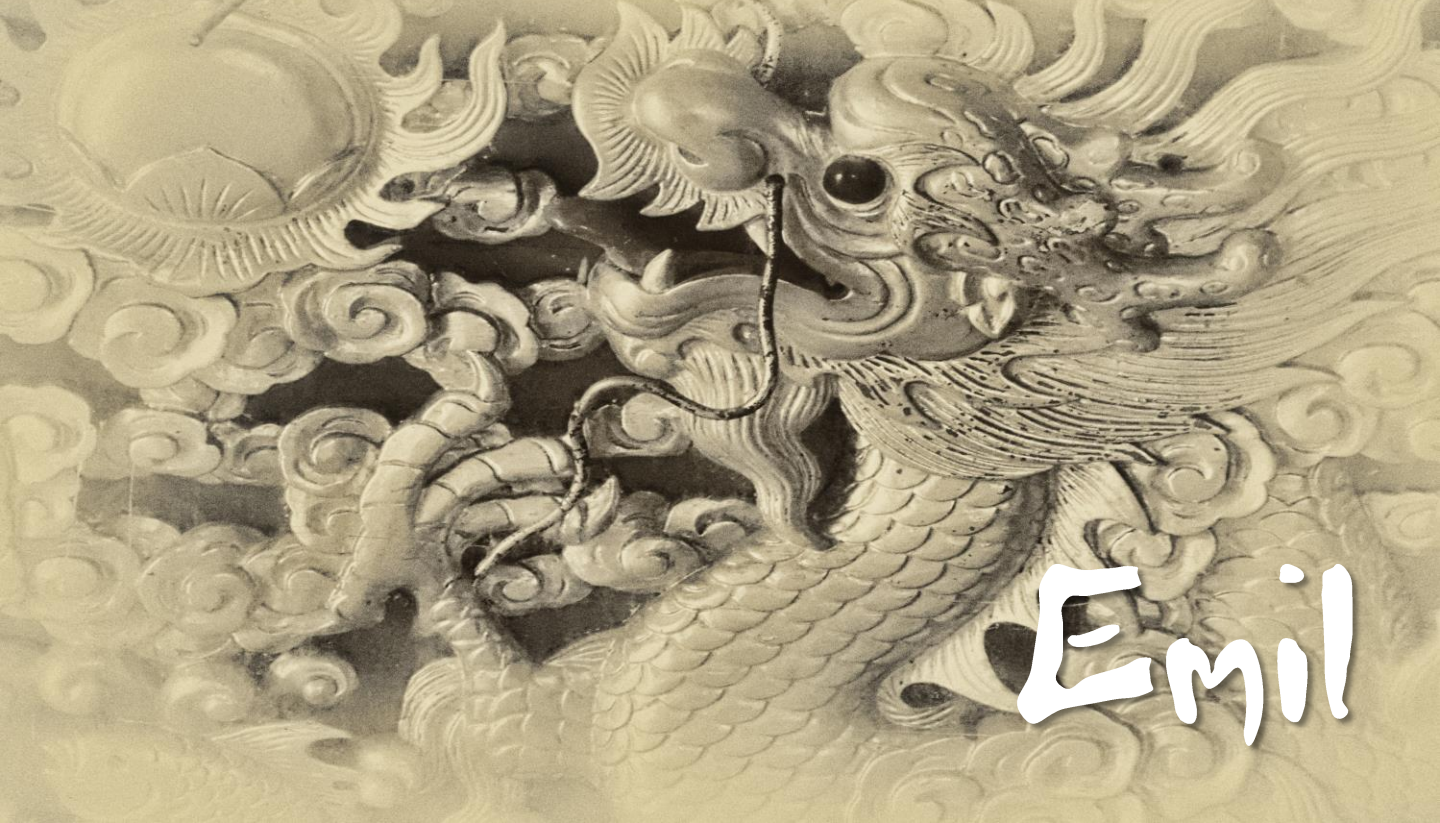
Other than that and those hooker, sex videos
with Ms. fang-Fang's second cousin from
Canton; like we could be two peas in the pod.



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MISPLACED KARMA, BABY!

{Mr. Emil...there is some angry lawyer from the DNC Call Center (the one they just evacuated outside Kiev) on line one...Capital Hill SS on line two...and the guy on line three says that they can't deliver your Chicago Classic Pizza all the way to Penang...he wants me to remind you that you called the Singapore store but, he could FedEx it to you in a week or so...what do I tell him?}

As you can see, I am truly cursed to be stranded in Interesting times and with no fund sourcing of my social credit score not since



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MISPLACED KARMA, BABY!

"GoForFundingMe" and "Paid.de.pals" both shut down my "Fund Me" pages.

The only thing that I can't seem to achieve is the means to connect all of this turmoil with even the largest dots and solve the important question of the "why" for all this annoyance (and not the cute annoyance like in the Korean TV Mini-Series) and crackling static that

POLLUTES MY SPIRIT

Without a doubt, as my old buddy (Larry Nichols) use to teach us in his "Politics 101" Bootcamp...the puppet masters always hide



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MISPLACED KARMA, BABY!

their deepest, darkest and dirtiest secrets where you would never think to look...they hide them in plain view...right here on the table next to those damn keys I can never find.

At the time, I questioned this but, over the years, after further years of rigorous study of the 1980-90's version of social media (the Tabloids); I discovered that

THIS IS TRUE

Every issue of the Globe or Nationally Enquiring (for which I am an original lifetime subscriber - all the mags use to offer



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MISPLACED KARMA, BABY!

this...good deal...best buy of the era!) laid out the secrets that even Jimmy Carter tried to lustfully (in his heart) hide from what he thought was a not so bright of a country.

It was here that we learned about secret labs in the Amazon and in Africa where the second generation of GOF (gain of function) and where transhumanism, DNA research got

TOO FAR OUT OF HAND

We know this through a bold serial on the "Batboy" of the Amazon - investigative journalism at it's best that filtered out these scandals in a near weekly serial in the Globe.





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MISPLACED KARMA, BABY!

Having followed these types of stories over several generations, I was not surprised by the Virus Plague of 2019 nor the State Department admitting that we had funded 20 some bio labs in the Ukraine long before that evil dude Putin decided to do some wartime

REAL ESTATE SPECULATION

down there in Kiev's eastern suburbs. As I get older and as I find myself haunting dive bars in the Fourth World; I have drawn the conclusion that everything is a serious pyramid scam by the real power brokers



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MISPLACED KARMA, BABY!

against all of us rural hayseeds and rubes.
We don't get it and will never get it even with
the "red" pill because Neil was in on it all the
time...get that?

He was a player in a bigger game and he was
far from the innocent, good looking superhero
(just short of being an X-Man himself) but was
the evil genius, programmer who got played
(himself) by his own computer game.

What does this have to do with the book you
just bought?

Who are you?

Who were you trying to call?





Emil



MISPLACED KARMA, BABY!

I'm **SORRY**...

Who are you, again?

Where are you calling from???

What are all these dang refund(s) you are
screaming at me about?

WHAT BOOK?

Who is paying for this call?

Is this a collect, trunk call?

OPERATOR!

I'm not accepting any collect calls!



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地藏菩薩



Emil



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YODA-STYLE SENSE OF SAGE

The other day, I found myself (again) nursing my original drink due to the limited advance from my corporate/financial slave masters and the fear that the bartender will have me tossed to the curb if I am just taking up space at her bar.

She was kind of a gal who you could tell that the several generations of standing behind this bar had taught her a few things about humankind and from what I could phantom; she had achieved a keen, Yoda-style sense of sage wisdom.



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YODA-STYLE SENSE OF SAGE

Let me be clear as this was not a judgement as she still has an edge and looks pretty good for a person so far removed from her youth.

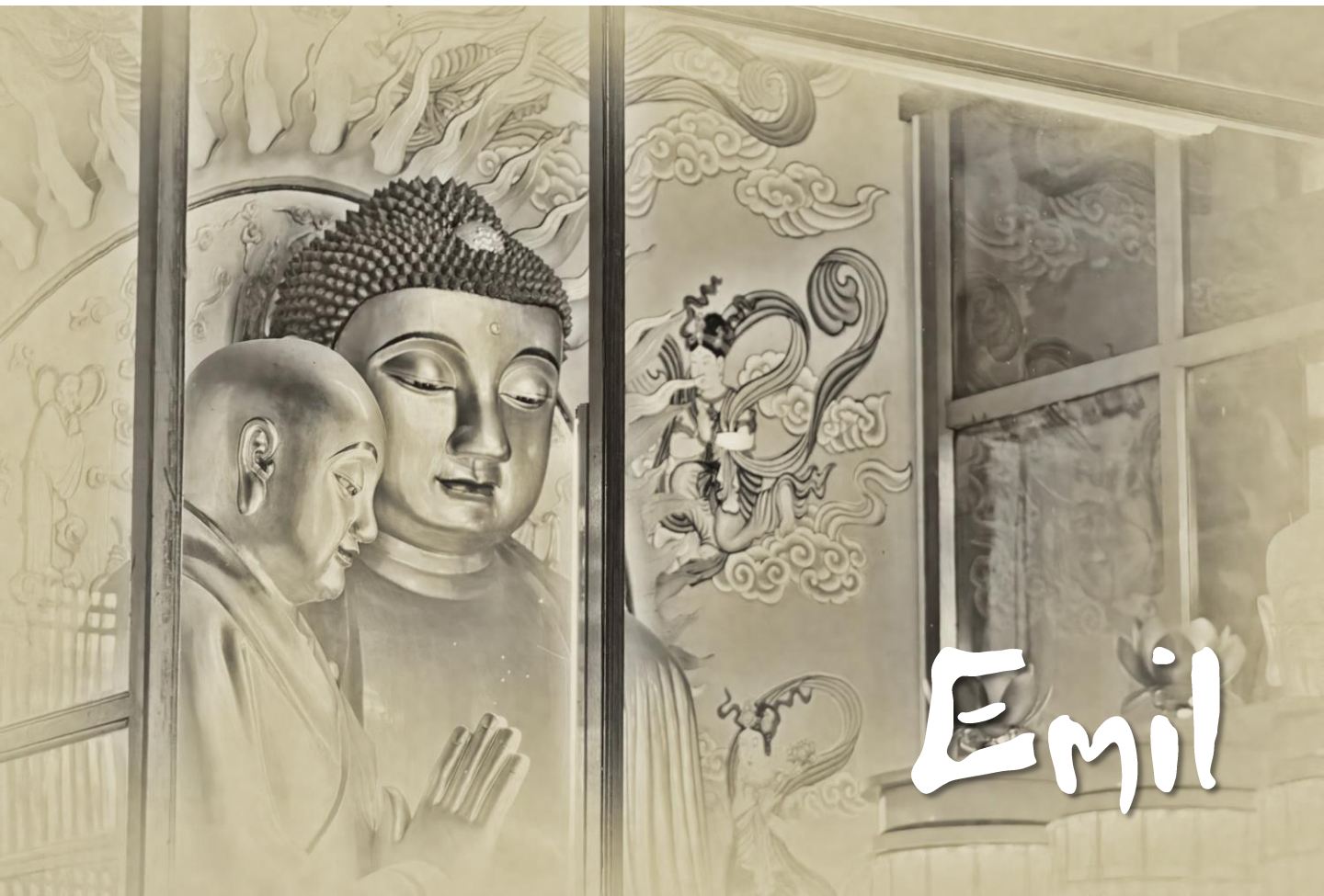
I am sure that years ago, she was stunning but, I doubt that her younger self could hold a candle to her present manifestation of

WIT AND INSIGHT

Did I handle that well?

Is she smiling or is that just gas?

"Please...Wanda...put down that bear mug and **PLEASE** don't hit me again with it..."





Emil



YODA-STYLE SENSE OF SAGE

I really didn't mean any disrespect...you are still one classy broad! Another round for me and my friend, PLEASE!”

{**EDITOR NOTE**: WWWG is not responsible for any of the dated terminology spouted by Emil as he is of a generation where such terms were well used and not meant to send the TWITT into a hive of tippy-tap-tapping with WOKE Alarmism. If you find this story make you uneasy, thinking of fleeing into the safety of your safe zone/command bunker in your mom's basement; then please put this book down...



Emil

YODA-STYLE SENSE OF SAGE

NO! Burn this evil book my little **WOKE** Friend and **TWIT** all your kindred spirits across social media to get this book and burn it too! Mr.

Charles, WWWG's crack accounting guru, told me to say that we do offer a volume rate and while out of print; we do still have several *"How to stage a Emil book burning party"*

OUT IN THE WAREHOUSE

for immediate, next day delivery!}

Luckily, my uncle Herman was there on the next barstool down and as he has always done; he stepped in at the very last moment and





Emil



YODA-STYLE SENSE OF SAGE

as usual, tried to save my butt
from a very serious whopping.

This time, he took Wanda's side and told her
to *"kick the bum out to the curb and if you
don't I surely would!"*

"WHAT THE HELL, HERMAN???"

Then, I saw that it had worked, she had
regained her cool by offering him a beer on
the house and as she turned away to get the
beer; Herman gave me a wink and mumbled
*"And...a free beer to boot! What a glorious
day, my friend! What a glorious day to be
alive!"*



Emil

YODA-STYLE SENSE OF SAGE

I learned several valuable lessons at the expense of a powerful gal cocking me cold with one of those pre-war, lead coated beer mugs that Wanda's bar was so noted for...it is said that they give a special frost to the foam of a good English Logger.

Of course, this was not my original intent or something that I could have foretold as I was leaving my flat on this spring morning.

It isn't like I have ESP or even ESPN as the landlord had her big cousins come smash my 13-inch TV/VCR combo (the one I found down at the Goodwill Thrift Store for a \$1.95 with



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YODA-STYLE SENSE OF SAGE

a blue tag which meant another 50% off) as she was rather upset that I had not heeded the multitude of her previous warnings not to jack her cable.

And when Herman started to go on-N-on over what a glorious day angered me as it was due to the real truth that he only got his **FREE** beer due to the fact that he sold me down the river to get it.

"What a Judas!"

I thought as I kicked his barstool, he lost his balance and fell loudly to the floor while calling out to me:



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YODA-STYLE SENSE OF SAGE

"...You are such an evil bastard! I should get Wanda to whop ya, again!!!"

In keeping with my advanced graduate studies in the Columbia School of Journalism Home Study Course (I am on the level three home study kit now); I think that I caught your attention with the sweeping panorama that I painted here in the "Introduction Catch" (CSJ term for opening passage) and reeled you in rather successfully. So for that I am proud!

*{**WHATZ! NAW!** They did what..."burned the damn book" or so Mr. Chucky (WWWG's Lead*





Emil



YODA-STYLE SENSE OF SAGE

thug, socialist accountant) said with a smile on our weekly zoom conference call to discuss their concern over my escalating business expenses...IE...mini-bar billings and as to why I didn't go over to the 7/11 and get a case of Thunderbird (a popular rock-gut whiskey that sells economically for a \$1.95 USD per gallon} Good thing that I wasn't aware of any of this as I helped Herman back up to his feet.

Herman was a good sort of fellow even though you now knew he would sell you out for the mere price of a FREE cold beer quicker than you could blink little-a-lone to express your



Emil

YODA-STYLE SENSE OF SAGE

true disbelief that he was such a low-life

"Oil Can Harry!"

with always a case or two of open containers
sliding about in the bed of the El Camino -
things were less strict in those days and the
local cops always gave him a pass as he did tip
hughley on the few times that he got hauled in
after he passed out or hit a tree (the one time)
in front of the mayor's home after dropping
the Mayor's young daughter off after a long
night of song, drink and a little cuddling out by
Lake Minden.

I'll get to the point or as the CSJ Home Study



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YODA-STYLE SENSE OF SAGE

Course calls *"the meat of the story"* and let me explain how/why (you already know where) I came to meet Herman down at Wanda's Bar-N-Grill (*even though I never saw anyone actually order food especially after the Health Board shut her kitchen down for like the tenth time - even though it technically wasn't her fault but it was the cook who was so angry at the county judge for sentencing him to another three months in the county slammer that He thought he would return the favor by adding his secret ingredient {Spick-N-Span} to the Mayor's lunch*) in search of a name, an

YODA-STYLE SENSE OF SAGE

address to a long departed friend of his and I was prepared to force the issue if I had to. After everything and everyone had return to a dive bar status quo; I approached Herman with my need to locate two of his old crew buddies (from the old neighborhood) and that I needed to find and talk with them on an urgent matter.

“Talk about what?”

He mused more out of pondering what my real reason(s) were for fishing him to rat out his prior brothers in crime and what in it for him?

“You ain’t gonna find them! They are long gone...off to Bangkok and became monks!”

“Monks?”

“Well you know that Simon was Chinese!”





Emil



Emil



Emil



Emil



Emil



As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

EARLIER IN THE DAY:

Truly, is this not our purpose in life to crest this
hill, return to the beaches and set a torch to
our ships

before marching inland with Cortes...

You can never go back...

Tom Wolfe was so correct...

"Home is gone...Move on!"

Always, we must decide to march off forward,
Never can we retreat into the safe comfort of
our past...

Live for today...



Emil

As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

Live in this very moment,
The past is dust and if you continue to live in
that graveyard, you can have no future...
Such random, these are troubling and utterly
strange thoughts,

ARE THEY NOT?

Maybe, 4 am is way much too
early to stop drinking!

Just a random, rambling thought that I took a
fancy to and am now passing on to cloud your
thoughts with a doubt for the coming day as
I await the Red Sun of Krypton to arise
blazing...To Earth or not?



Emil





As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

I get the "*Urge for Going*" but... I never seem to go ..ever as winter turns to spring and spring becomes summer...over two years are now gone here in the solitude of a room without a view - a narrative from the belly of the beast...from the darkest shadows of this cruel virus lockdown plague ...if you live in the freedom of sunshine...can go to the park or even eat a wild dinner @ the local Taco Bell...consider yourself more lucky and blessed than the damned Foreign Devils here @ the Virus Lodge...

The highpoint of an otherwise wasted morning...as Patsy belts out her all time hit



Emil

As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

"Crazy!" Yes, Patsy...I believe that I am...
I have been missing the Malaysian Home
Shopping network ever since they took the
TV set away! Hope you like it!

LATE IN THE EVENING:

Dead beyond tired, a bit more than bored of
laying-about while Patsy whispered in my ear...

"Walking after midnight...like we used to..."

That truly was all of the little incentive that
I needed...bolting but being ever so stealth,
I made my way past the sleeping security rent-
a-cop without waking him from his much-
needed slumber...dashing out onto the



Emil



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As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

welcome but empty midnight street...

FREE @ last!

Thank God Almighty...

FREE @ last!

What I failed to notice was that the door
closed with a locking click...

SO WHATZ!!!

I am a Free man out for a midnight stroll in the
waning light of the springtime moon...

*"Tonight...we are all Curfew Runners...It's off
to the Family Mart...Damn, the Military
Patrols..."*



Emil

As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

My salute to all us brave souls who risk much in the name of FREEDOM by sticking it to the Virus Lockdown Gangsters with our middle fingers...directly extended but, wait! they all seem to have a quick motorbike...a get away that I had not foresaw a need to have.

The smells of freedom overcame me quickly and diverted my attention away from my more prepared Curfew Runners as I sensed that there was someone else awake and they seemed to be roasting (what smelled to be) good beef at this ever so, late hour, there was the slightest aroma of a dapper of a late night,



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Emil

Emil



As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

a rainy dew hanging, hugging the air and right down the street from me; there was a group of soldiers or police making their nightly curfew enforcement rounds...!

Who saw the other first is kind of a mute question as my life long instincts from being an old time political street fighter and semi-pro motorcycle hooligan sprung into immediate action as I flashed a smile, turned in mid-step and bolted back to the lodge's now locked door!

Closer and yet closer the patrol was coming towards me at a now good paced sprint...



Emil

As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

no amount of pulling would free the door open and with a final tug; the alarm started blaring an ear-splitting noise that even woke the sleeping security guard...

Upset by being awake seemingly from his angered expression...from what must have been a nice mid-dream and the fact that I was outside and that the soldiers were now shouting at me to assume the position; the lodge's rent-a-cop refused to open the door and rescue me from certain arrest.

If it wasn't so corny...I would just refer to this as "Everybody was Kung Fu Fighting..."



Emil



Emil



As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

But, that would be over-the-top even for an interned, lodge hermit in Georgie town...so...
I shall remain nameless...just a random file number lost to history, deserted in long cancelled, good intentions... Ring up room service, please! Oops! I forgot that this is yet another causality to the First Great Viral War... The rest is rather blurry to me at this moment as apparently, I am blocking their response to the nonsense that I was spouting about that evil torch singer...Patsy...
she forced me to do it...

"WHO IS THIS PATSY?"



Emil

As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

"Well! She is like this really famous, dead singer that I had been channeling..."

That is the other reason that it is blurry as I was at this point excluded from the actual conversation with their attention now on the security guard who started his testament, his conversing argument(s) that *"this Foreign Devil is as crazy as a loon"* then, he quietly added something to the effect that I had only slipped by him as he was afraid that I might be infected with the virus and (I believe he did say) that he assured them that he truly feared I might even try and bite him...

"He is an evil Foreign Devil, you know!"





雄參明妙諦

Emil



As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

On being escorted back to my room, I tried my very best, my most correct PC/WOKE mythology to properly convey my utmost gratitude for his most kind assistance...at which point he stopped in mid-step, turned and calmly spoke in near perfect English:

"If you ever pull this stunt again; I swear to you that I will shoot you myself and leave you out for the street dogs to have a midnight feast!!!"

"Hold up! Didn't they say 6-10 feet apart???"

I shouted back!

NO! Wait dammit! The scary lady @ the CDC says it is **ONLY** 3 Feet now...**DANG!**



Emil

As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

I plead with him to not respond as you know you are a hater! As the door shuts behind me...Patsy is yet singing "*Crazy...Crazy*"

Thank you, Patsy!

THE NEXT MORNING:

Work is slowing...motivation has waned...the seductive whispers of laziness echo in my ears with a message that I should be watching the Home Shopping Network...or one of many Korean Soap Opera Serials...

The truth, is a scary thing to deal with, it can





Emil



As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

many times lead us to question many of the official, the untruths that the government has spent billions of dollars in trying to successfully ingrain deep into the soul of our central belief system like Pappy Biden is as honest as the day is long, CornPop was a bad dude or that Joey really has hairy legs.

As another day slips through the hourglass of time...

{**SHAME ON ME!** Not really my line...I stole it and misquoted it from the old daytime soap opera..."*Days of our life*"}

The new book is in its final agony of stillbirth...coming soon!



Emil

As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

The evilness of this lockdown plague mixed with as our sister Joni singing: "*The Urge for Going*" leaves me truly questioning the wisdom of writing this new post...should I and how to

I compose it to not look like a total fool...

See...I have had a very long term relationship as a Jesuit on my own holy grail battle against the angry **WOKE** World of faceless clerks and socialist accountants without a sense of humor and don't get me started on Old Doc F (the Beagle Man himself) or that dang scary lady at the CDC for who I can't never remember her selected pronouns.





Emil



As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

I know some of you will rightfully just shake your head, turn away and tell me to just move on ..while others will tell me...will council that it will not work out anymore than calling your EX at three in the morning to confess you infusing love and devotion.

Still others will try to hook me up with a new publisher or just give up and "unfriend" me.

Don't click "Unfriend" just yet as I just had another creative fart... the whole thing has been redone...retooled and vented...refurbished...just like new as long as you don't get rude and ask for a warranty.



Emil

As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

"Once upon a time...they were married and then, they raised a family but now, all sadly lost to another age, another now forgotten time..."

was the benediction from the Jesuit Brother whose order had guarded the shrine

SINCE THE 1680'S...

"They made such a wonderful looking couple..." or so the one-eyed, Jesuit Priest mumbled to me at the evening's celebration...

{sadly, WWVG cut their extended story from the book as they said that my very clear rip-off of "Westside Story" would get them sued but,



เจ้าพ่อปากดี และมารุทวงศ์

九天柱籍科名著

倉頡聖
大顓帝
成至聖
梓潼文昌帝君
魁星斗君

倉頡先師

夫子 (กวนอู๋) เทพการศึก	梓潼文昌帝君 (กวนอู๋) เทพการศึกษา	紫微星大帝君 (เจิ้งไท่ตี้) เทพประทานสุข	北極玄天上帝 (เหิงเทียนเสียนตี้) เทพเจ้าบักดี การค้าขายโชคลาภ	武帝關聖帝君 (กวงเสียนตี้) เทพเจ้ากวนอู	列聖列賢先儒 รวมนักปราชญ์บัณฑิต อาจารย์ทุกท่าน
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Emil



As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

I pleaded with them *"I ripped off the new version which wasn't it a rip-off from the original 1960's movie?"*

They hung up and blocked me on their Yahoodiehood E-Mail}

PAUSE WITH ME...

take a moment of reflection and help me mourn the death of yet another creative work at the printer-ink stained hands of what WWWG proudly refers to as their newest, greatest yet invention of WOKE Oppression...called a *"marketing focus*



Emil

As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

adjustment committee" staffed by the brave woke warriors that Seine has hired away from their studies at one of Singapore's lower rent vocational school (for ungifted students but, whose parents are "*Crazy Rich*"...Y'all remember the movie, right?)

Their marketing business plan is to sit in the nearby Starbucks and pester customers with random samples of a new creation or maybe, they just polled the cleaning staff (from the 2nd floor) who for some reason resent my lack of mastery of the English Language...???





Emil



As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

Anyway...they eighty-sixed my last two formats as being "too artist..."

WHATZ!!!??? Too Artistic????

It is about 3 PM in the mid-afternoon give or take...depends upon your time zone...so your mileage might differ...Here in my not so gilded cage on Lockdown Alley...3 PM could be 7 or 10 AM or all that my windowless room would give-a-way...

In a way, it does allow a certain amount of freedom that as long as I don't crank my ancient Sony Boombox (cassette/cd upscale version) to "Live concert with the Smiths"



Emil

As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

I am good to go...
and by the way...
I got these done.

This thought came to me as I lay here in what I assume is the early hours of the evening but seeing that my cell room here in the Virus Lodge doesn't have a window; it might well be Noon...as that 1970's singing group booms (from my ancient Sony Boombox) a weaved tale of desperados and unlikely heroes; it is

“A Cold Stone Fact..”

that none of us will ever experience the world





Emil



Emil

As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

as it was back in those now mystical days
before the CCP Virus Plague rode into town
and shot the sheriff (truth) in the head and
replaced him with his evil twin (untruth).
Indeed! It all happened so fast, none of us saw
it coming as we were so caught up in our
everyday toils that we ignored the warning
signs all together and christened the prophets
of it's coming as heretics, anti-social kooks.

{deep breath...hold it...repeat...}

Deep breath...Bubba...let it go!

It will do me no good as I am stranded here in
Penang's version of Storyville and the



Emil

As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

marketing team rides in posse with the dead sheriff's, evil-half brother (untruth).

LET'S START OVER, OK?

Seine wanted a picture book of pre-plague era visions and thoughts...maybe, he said add "some space aliens but no border fence lingo!" Campers! He is the man who signs off on my expense account and to be blunt...as I always am...I am but a poor sharecropper who has sold my lands to the big corporate plantation and I have a serious debt issue at the company store that keeps me toiling for little more than pocket





Emil



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As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

change mixed with a greater proposition
of old lent. Please no lecture about

“SELLING OUT”

unless you know what it is truly like to jump
out a second floor hotel window at three in
the morning and riding out on the four AM
bus back to Tulsa in order to get out of a hotel
debt after your last three checks bounced
and knowing that the marshal would be there
after breakfast to sort all of this out – which
mean, more than a couple weeks pulling
weeds or dumping trash as a community
service...at best.



Emil

As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

Artists with moral standing are a rare commodity among starving artists and usually are only waxed on about by trust fund babies, spoiled rich kid posers or jailed artists...

Right Hunter?

With that thought and the fact that I have rent to pay next week; I assembled it back into yet another cool rethought...a "Road to Damascus" redesign which was approved after heated, no prisoners taken Zoom Chat late in the PM... Campers! You would be proud...I stood up



Emil



Emil

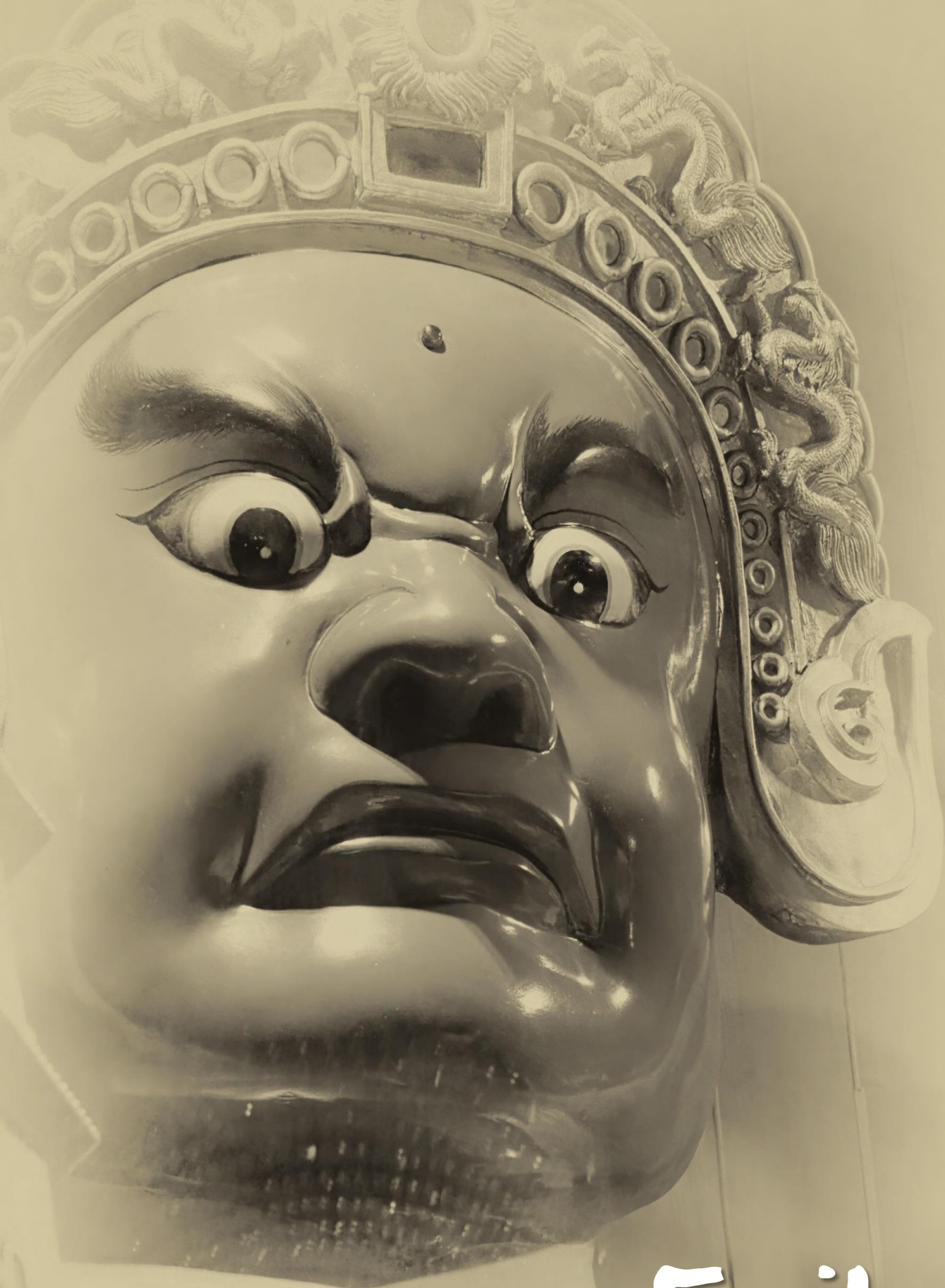


As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

bravely, whined and bullied my Corporate Slave Masters to accept my latest design changes to a project that Seine as yet to approve...I only had to hang up on them three-four times! See the trick is to not accept a "No" and to just wear them down with

NON-STOP NONSENSE..

Hanging up, I smiled as I sat back and meditated on the sage wisdom of our Late Great Guru James' final thoughts before he left for a new day job in downtown Cleveland: "Times of testing are designed to make us



Emil

As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

stronger or can break us if we cower from the virtualization of the truth...where I am at, there is a belief that the more we suffer for the truth in the present, the more we will see our rewards in the end...be strong and know that God has a plan...we are proud of you...you inspire us all and we all shall light a candle and say a prayer for you...never forget that truth is your weapon that always defeats and shines a light upon the darkness of evil..."

AMEN BROTHER JAMES...

Where did I put the Cuban Rum?





Emil

Emil



As Patsy Whispered in Your Ear!

Let's celebrate a daunting victory over the powers of corporate evil and the routing of Mr. Chucky and his cadre of socialist accountants...casting them back into the sea of greedy darkness!

TELL THE LANDLADY...

I will have the rent money next Thursday!

NOT Wednesday...Got to go over to the Temple(s) to check something out...

NO! I am **NOT** still looking for Herman's old friends...they are dead to me!

Do you have any clean glasses?



Emil



Emil West

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Emil West is at Penang Port.

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Trailing the zombie sample horde, this single Flower Power Emil Zombie Sample skips to a tune of a different DNA Sequencing Strain thanks to old Dr. F and them boys down at the Outlaw Bio Sample Lab (right outside Burbank under the keen security of our own Adam S.)







Emil West

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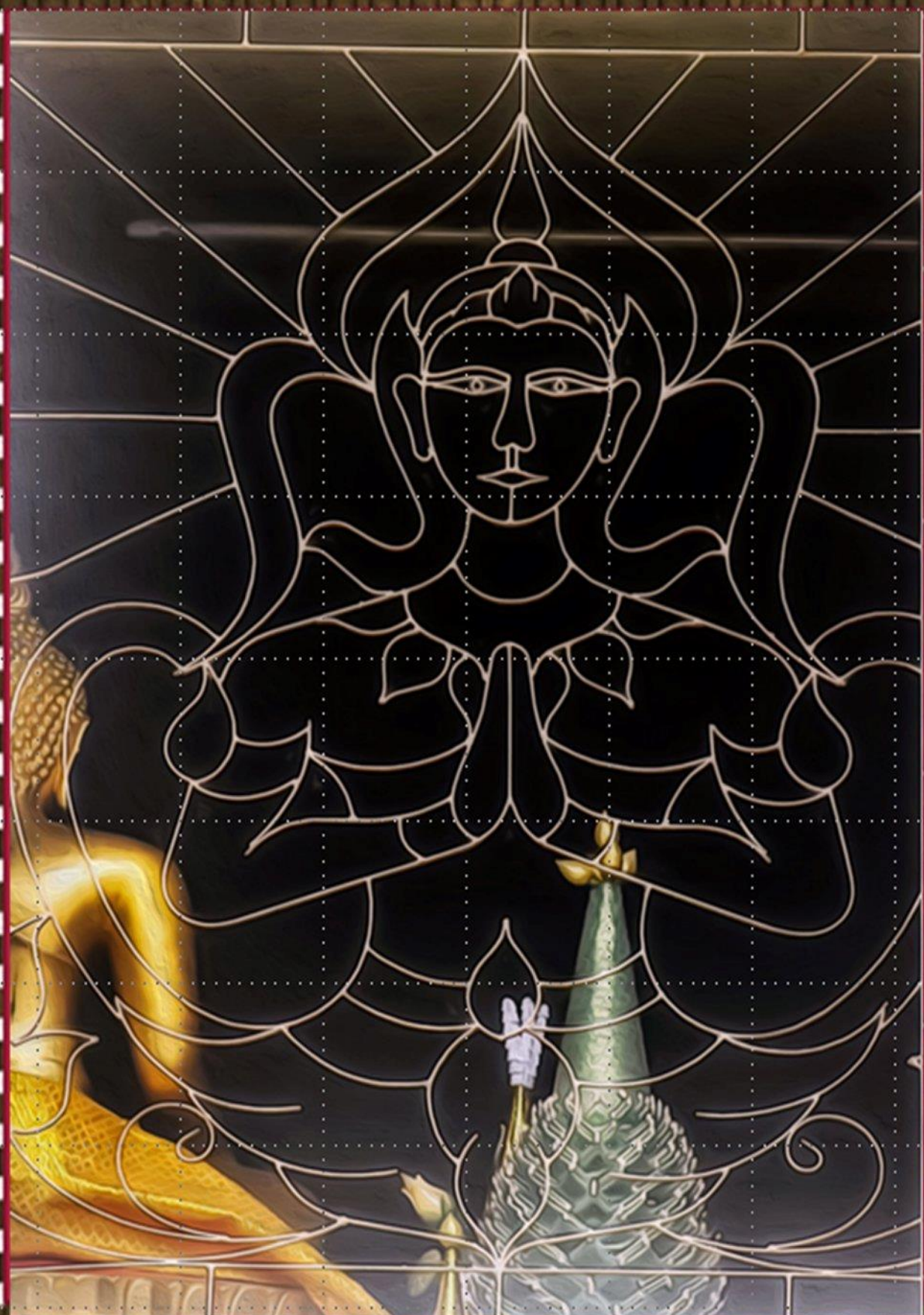


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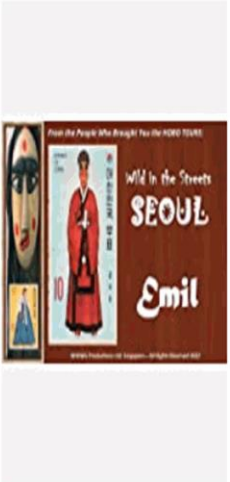
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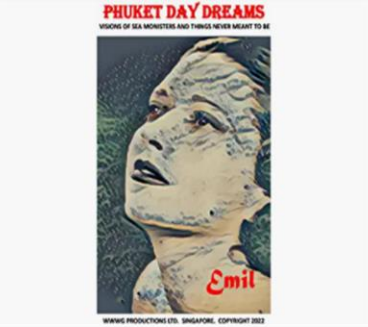


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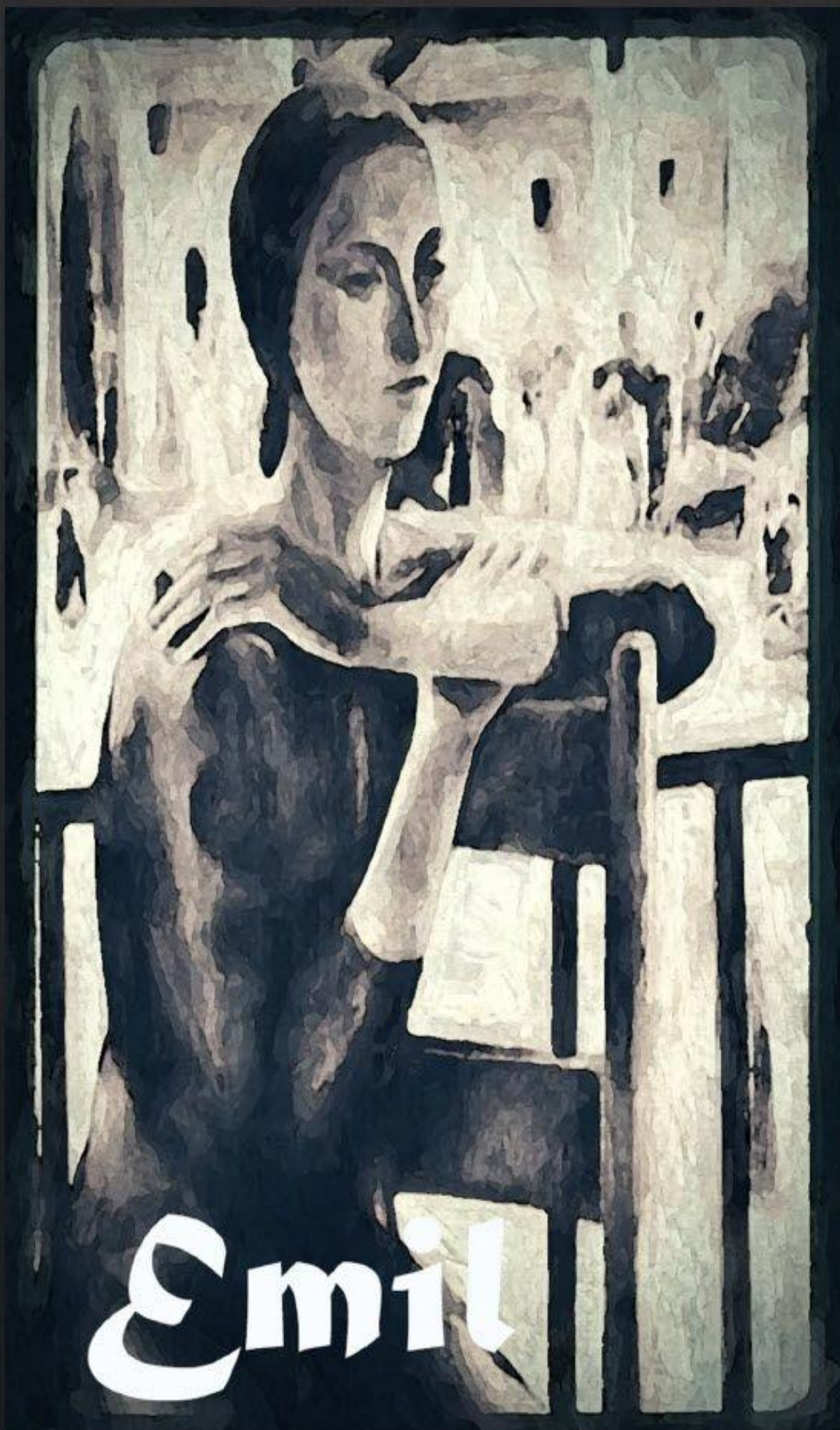
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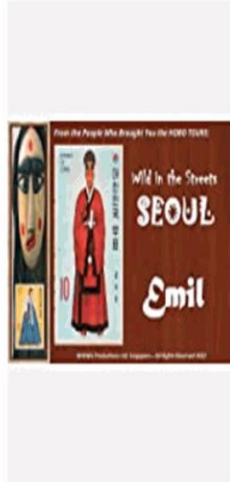
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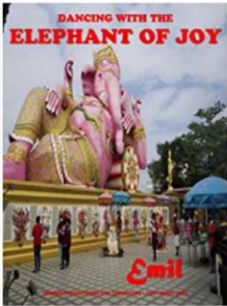


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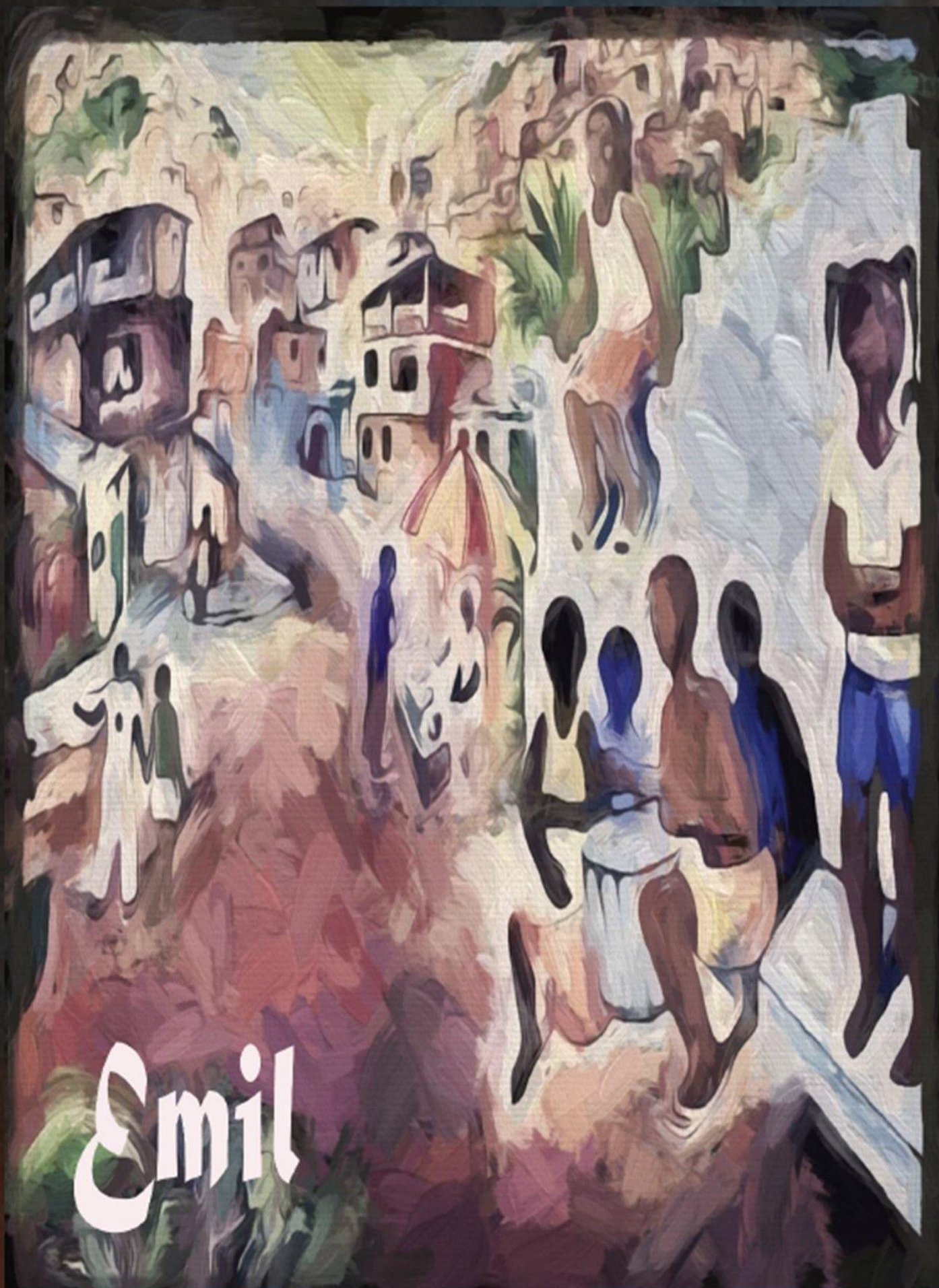


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“There comes a time when the winds of change start to blow and the earth shakes out of control...”

I think Bob Dylan wrote that and with even a slight glance at the evening news proves this to be yet true, I believe even more than it did way back then.

Sometimes, the world seems to have gone mad and luckily for Emil...he is at home!

A month ago, Emil approached us about going to Kiev.

Why Kiev? It was commonly assumed here (at WWWG) that it must be for the chicken and more so, the bootleg, homebrewed, bathtub vodka that Emil was always praising next to North Carolina's finest moonshine whiskey as one of the greatest achievement of man.

At first, there was the cost of such a trip, the endless paperwork needed for a visa and the fact that the country is still at war but, the fact that Emil might go blind drinking homemade vodka, this won over even Emil's harshest critic (Mister Charles...WWWG's primo accountant), how was I to say “NO!” and I didn't.

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DISPLACED AND LOST TO TIME: MOSCOW

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When we last left Emil, Yuri and him were out in the borderlands, an active warzone, in Eastern Ukraine and from there, we catch up with Emil scurrying about, old town Moscow without any proper segway or explanation as to how or why he got there, at least not to our understanding. Where is Yuri?

Our first notice of trouble was an urgent email from our representative in Moscow (Kandi) about when she could expect payment for Emil's advance.

Our first response, was a classic "WHATZ?"

Seems that Emil had promised her a rather large payday for her advance work and advancing him rubles to live on – which amounted to a large sum due to the extremely high cost of living there.

Regrettably, she didn't take our response as well as we had hoped and this resulted in an unfortunate series of events that resulted in the filing of police reports over her pawning Emil's laptop at a local pawn shop in Moscow as a means of recouping her costs.

This resulted in Emil handwriting this edition...

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